THE SUNRISE HAS NEVER FAILED.

Upon the sadness of the sea
The sunset broods regretfully;
From the far, lonely spaces, slow
Withdraws the wistful afterglow.

So out of life the splendor dies;
So darken all the happy skies;
So gathers twilight, cold and stern;
But overhead the planets burn.

And up the east another day
Shall chase the bitter dark away.
What though our eyes with tears be wet?
The sunrise never failed us yet.

The blush of dawn may yet restore
Our light and hope and joy once more.
Sad soul, take comfort, nor forget
That sunrise never failed us yet.

WILLOW GRANGE.

A STORY OF LIFE IN EASTERN OREGON.

BY BELLE W. COOKE,

AUTHOR OF "TEARS AND VICTORY."

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CHAPTER XI.

Anice Merton often came to see Bertha after school closed at night, and sat till late with her at her father's bedside. They talked over the incidents that had transpired since Bertha's wedding—the unwritable things and the heart-secrets—and Bertha found, from what she saw in Anice's face during the recital, that Anice had decided what to think of Harry Noble.

"He will come for me to-night, Bertha," said Anice, "and I wish you to see him for a few moments, if you can be spared from your father. He is so pleasant and entertaining, I am sure you will be pleased with him."

Bertha saw the young gentleman as Anice had requested, but she was not so much impressed as she had expected to be, after hearing Anice's wonderful accounts.

"I am sure," said she to herself, "I do not see what there is that is so remarkable about him. He looks agreeable and clever enough, but he seems decidedly soft, and it is strange Anice can't see it, when she is usually so quick to discover anything of the sort."

It is strange that unreciprocated passion always seems so silly, when the moment it becomes mutual it is the wisest and most admirable thing in all the world.

A few days after Bertha met Harry Noble, Anice called and informed Bertha that she was to have a little company at her own home, at which time Bertha's presence would be indispensable.

The evening came, and the company were gathered together in Anice's little parlor, a choice selection of intimate friends. Captain Aidenn and Marie Hollis, Roscoe Wills and Florence Campbell, and the much-admired young man to whom Anice had unquestionably resigned her heart, were there, with others. Music and games were engaged in, and, best of all, sensible conversation predominated. Captain Aidenn was a fine talker. He never said stale things. He was lively but not nonsensical; sharp-witted and sagacious, but not severe or conceited. He had been invited to accompany Miss Hollis, but it was an ill-assorted couple. She was gay and giddy and sometimes foolish, while he was her opposite in taste and methods of expression. It was amusing to see with what respect and deference she looked up to him, as to some superior being, but yet she was not in the least afraid of him, but frisked about him with the playfulness of a kitten. He seemed amused at her pranks, but soon tired of her, and exchanged with Harry Noble and talked with Anice whenever opportunity offered. They stopped in the midst of a game, and talked over the bridal trip up the Columbia.

"Would you not like to go on such another excursion, Miss Merton? What say you, Mrs. Russell, shall we not escort you on your return home?"

Bertha, who was sitting near, replied, earnestly:

"Indeed I should be delighted to have your company, Captain Aidenn. I expect to have that of Anice, as I hope to take her home with me, and would like as many more as see fit to volunteer."

"What is the object of Miss Anice in going with you?" asked the Captain.

"She has an offer of a good situation not far from us—one that will pay her much better than her present school, and I am selfish enough to want her in my vicinity."

"I am sure I can sympathize with you there," said the Captain, frankly, with a meaning glance at Anice. "But I should think that would be a very dull and undesirable location for the Winter."

"You have heard of the fox that got into the trap," said Roscoe Wills, who sat next to Bertha, and was listening to the conversation. "Well, my amiable sister knows she is in a bad box herself, and consequently wishes to get her friends in the same sad pickle."

"Now, Ross," said Bertha, "you know I would not think of asking Anice to go if it were not for the good pay she will get. One can put up with a considerable inconvenience if money is the reward. You know men exile themselves from all pleasant society, and go to dig for gold where it is more uncertain whether they get it than it would be in this case."

"Men," said the Captain, "are better able to endure privation and the absence of comfort and good society than are women. A woman should never be expected to endure what a man will of that kind of thing."

"I beg pardon for differing with you," said Anice. "I think a woman has as much, if not more, endurance than a man. She has proven it in all the history of pioneer life, in her patience by the bed of sickness, and in her heroic self-sacrifice in war times, a thousand times."

"Really, Miss Anice, I ought to agree with you, and I do in a measure. I know that a woman has a kind of spiritual power to endure, that seems outside the body and to emanate from the will; but I meant that woman's physical power to endure was not equal to man's, and that she ought not to be called on to suffer such things as a man often does without complaining."

"And what, pray tell me," said Anice, "is the usual effect it has upon a man to endure privation and hardship?"

"Of course," said the Captain, "it strengthens and ennobles him, if he is of the right kind of stuff."

"And you would deny to a woman the privilege of strengthening and ennobling herself in like manner by the same means?" cried Anice. "Fie! Captain Aidenn. Woman is not inferior in her powers of endurance. Whether her strength comes from body or spirit, I do not pretend to say; and it does not matter, I think, so it is there. She will be with you in seven troubles, and not forsake you in the eighth, and she will come out of the trial as much better as any man would."

"I am glad to hear you say so," said the Captain; "and I will never question *your* ability, Miss Merton, to endure and do whatever you choose to undertake. Go to the wilds of Eastern Oregon if you so decide, and may the evil spirit of *ennui* never take you captive; may the demon of homesickness never possess your soul, and may you return purer and stronger and lovelier (if possible) than you now are."

The parenthesis was an aside, but both Anice and Bertha heard it.

"I hope I make no pretensions to endurance or strength of mind, but I am not afraid to go where other women have gone. And I believe I can be happy, because, if I go, it will be as a matter of duty," said Anice.

"Do you think that people are always happy when doing what is their duty, simply because they are doing it, in spite of difficulties and troubles?" asked the Captain.

"Perhaps the mere approval of conscience is not enough to insure happiness," said Anice. "But I think that the state of the heart that enables a person to perform duty in the face of obstacles, together with a wise preparation for the combat, and the consciousness of the approving smile of God, is sufficient to carry one through pretty rough trials with a cheerful face and a heart that is measurably happy."

"It ought to be enough," said the Captain. "But I do not think people always go so deep down as that, there is so much of a kind of superficial life; so many persons take up the burden that seems to be appointed, without weighing it, and bear it till it becomes too heavy for patient endurance, yet feel it is duty and cannot be escaped, and are miserable because they think so. I cannot but think that such duty is often a mistaken name."

"No doubt it is," said Anice. "I think there are persons who have an idea that the more disagreeable the thing is that is required of them the more certainly it is a duty and the more merit there is in performing it. The dividing line between the penance of the Catholic and the self-sacrifice of the Protestant is hard to draw, and people are always overstepping it."

"That is just what I fear you will be doing, Miss Merton, if you go to Eastern Oregon. I assure you it will be likely to assume the form of penance before you get through with it," said the Captain.

By this time the company had moved away from the two as they sat absorbed in their discussion, and Captain Aidenn placed his chair a little nearer and lowered his voice.

"Is there nothing that I can do, Miss Anice, to prevent your going?" said he. "I cannot think it will be for your best happiness."

"I am sure," said Anice, "I am obliged for your kind regard for my happiness, but you know my mother needs my assistance, and I am not making very good wages here now, when my rent and other expenses are counted out. The wages I should get in the upper country would be much in advance of my present earnings."

"I should think your mother would need your company as much as she would the additional amount of money," said the Captain. "Love and sweet companionship are better, a thousand times, than all the money of the rich man, or even the things that money can buy."

"Yet bread and clothing and a shelter over our heads are necessities; and even love and sweet companionship are luxuries that may be the better dispensed with than either of them," said Anice, rather severely. "Then, too, my love for my mother will be the same, whether absent or present, and my little brothers are gay and cheerful company for her, and she has very many kind friends here."

"I see you take a more practical and cool view of it than I am able to do," said the Captain. "But if I were as sure"—and he spoke still lower—"of the presence of your love as your mother may be during your absence, I would be willing to dispense with much that the world calls necessities. I have waited for a suitable opportunity to say this to you when alone, but I have despaired of ever having one, and I hope you will pardon my presumption, but I could not bear to have you go away without knowing how long your presence has been my chief desire and delight."

Anice sat quiet, with downcast eyes, and an expression of pain on her usually cheerful face, but could not find words to express herself at this entirely unexpected avowal.

"I fear," said her companion, "that I have not been wise in my selection of time and place, but you see that the rest of the company are absorbed in each other, and I do not think you need fear their overhearing us. If I have pained you, as I fear I have, I will say no more now, but beg you to name a time when I can see you alone, and hear from your lips whether I may hope that you will ever grant me your dear presence and companionship for life."

At this Anice found utterance.

"Indeed, Captain Aiden, I am so taken by surprise I could not at first realize what you were saying. I had never dreamed of your thinking of me. I am sure I have given you no reason to think that I preferred you above others. If you have so thought, I am very sorry."

The look of pain that had been in Anice's face was instantaneously transferred to that of the gentleman, with the addition of an indescribable hopelessness.

"It is as I feared," said he. "I have utterly failed to show my appreciation of your worth, or I am totally unworthy the precious gift of your love. But I beg you to defer giving me a final answer to some future time, when I can better plead my cause, and may be the better prepared to give up, if I must, the brightest dream of my life."

"I am willing to see you at my home at any time you may designate, and talk over the matter, as I wish you to feel assured of my sincerity," said Anice. "I hope you will not blame me if I am unable to reciprocate your feelings."

"Let us finish our game," said the Captain. "I must try to think of other things, or get away from here. I cannot endure it long in this happy crowd. I want to get out into the wild, stormy night that is roaring outside, where I can find the sympathy which is denied me among my fellows."

Roscoe Wills and Florence Campbell were having a most delightful time in a retired corner, talking over their dreams of future happiness, as it was now quite well understood that they were engaged, and Harry Noble and Marie Hollis were flirting desperately. Fanny Margrave had found a new beau, who was as rich, if not so handsome, as Roscoe Wills, and was apparently satisfied with his conversation. The remainder of the little company was paired off according to their own preferences, and the evening drew near to the small hours before the party was brought to a close and the young people sought their respective homes.

Captain Aidenn made an appointment with Anice to meet her a few evenings afterward, and he went to that appointment with the bearing of a doomed man going to his punishment. The bright and happy smile, that had formerly been an ever-present attraction in his face, was replaced by a somber, despairing look of melancholy, and his old friends stopped him on the street to inquire if he had lost a friend or been out of luck in his business. He invariably answered yes to either of these questions, until it had come to be the general opinion about town that Captain Aidenn's mother was dead, or that his mine, up in Idaho, had failed to "pan out."

The Captain's interview with Anice was a very sad one for both of them. He had no word of blame for her. He had never waited on her but a few times, and he was so considerate and careful that he had refrained from expressing in loud action his preference for her, though Bertha had seen and been convinced, from almost the first of his acquaintance with Anice, that he admired her greatly. Perhaps had not Anice's eyes been under "love's eclipse," she might have seen it, too. But her eye was filled with the image of another. The Captain besought her to give him a longer time in which to win her love. It seemed impossible to him to give up hope; and yet he had done it pretty nearly from the first glance he gave when he made his declaration to her.

The faces of these two were as open books. All who were acquainted with the language of intelligence could read and interpret them with comparative ease and correctness. They were such honest faces. Anice was so artless, and had such a modest opinion of her own attractions, that she could not see how a refusal of love from her could be such a terrible thing to the Captain as it seemed to be. She tried to think of some one who was better than herself to whom she could recommend the Captain, and whom he might certainly admire; but when she ventured to hint to him that there were yet possibly "good fish" in the sea, he gave her such a look of intense reproach that she felt ashamed of her implied cruelty.

Hartly Aidenn was not a man to love lightly. He was noble and sincere, and almost as hard to move as the "eternal hills." He had received a wound that the years might serve to cover with a scar, but it would never perhaps entirely heal. Only from the hand that gave the thrust can come the kindly cure to such steadfast natures as he possessed.

[To be continued.]

Grace Greenwood and her daughter are now traveling in Italy.

GRANT-CHAFFEE.

Under date of November 8th, "Gath" telegraphed from New York to a Chicago journal the following gossip about the marriage of U. S. Grant, Jr., and a Colorado belle:

Young Grant is twenty-eight years old and Miss Fannie J. Chaffee, the bride, about twenty-three. "Buck" was his father's secretary in the White House during the closing part of his administration. He studied law in New York, was admitted to the bar, and when his father went to Europe was left in charge of a number of his interests and speculations. He has some business dash, but is too confiding, like his father, and being tempted into sundry speculations, was on the point of being ruined a year or two ago, but some strong men, thinking well of him, stepped to his rescue. He was in a pool holding a lot of stocks for a rise, and he held on and would have been left with the stock dead on his hands if men of more suspicious caliber had not given him a cue from the outside. He was not engaged to Miss Flood, of California, but they had been a good deal together, and made an effort to fall in love, but without much success. Miss Chaffee has been educated in Europe, is the only daughter of her father, and is owner and mistress of a beautiful home here in the fashionable part of New York, which, with its elaborate decoration and furnishing, cost little less than $100,000. Senator Chaffee has been very ill for several years past, and his daughter has given him careful attention and home comforts. He is rapidly becoming a well man again. Miss Chaffee was courted by Dean Richmond, of New York, and by a bright and educated young physician from Louisiana, whose address was winning; but her father was a severe radical, and incorrigible about a Southern marriage. "Buck" became attached to Miss Chaffee, but made very little progress in his suit. In short, he was turned off. But last Summer, at Saratoga, they were thrown together again, and he was finally accepted. It is said that he is without enemies, amiable and stalwart. He was worth, in his own right, when married, $100,000 to $150,000. The couple received from Senator Chaffee $400,000 in government bonds.

JOHN GUY AND GENERAL CASS.

In years gone by there dwelt in Washington John Guy, a character in his way, in connection with whom Colonel Forney tells the following anecdote:

Guy kept the National Hotel in Washington, and among his guests was General Cass, then Senator from Michigan. Guy dressed like Cass, and, though not as portly, his face, including the wart, was strangely similar. One day a Western friend of the house came in after a long ride, dusty and tired, and, walking up to the office, encountered General Cass, who was quietly standing there. Mistaking him for Guy, he slapped him on the shoulder, and exclaimed:

"Well, old fellow, here I am! The last time I hung my hat up in your shanty, one of your clerks sent me to the fourth story; but now I have got hold of you, I insist upon a lobby room."

The General, a most dignified personage, taken aback by this startling salute, coolly replied: "You have committed a mistake, sir. I am not Mr. Guy; I am General Cass, of Michigan," and angrily turned away.

The Western man was shocked at the unconscious outrage he had committed; but before he had recovered from his mortification, General Cass, who had passed around the office, confronted him again, when, a second time mistaking him for Guy, he faced him and said:

"Here you are at last! I have just made a devil of a mistake; I met old Cass and took him for you, and I'm afraid the Michigander has gone off mad."

What General Cass would have said may well be imagined, if the real Guy had not approached and rescued the innocent offender from the twice assailed and twice angered statesman.

A MEXICAN POMPEII.

The City of Mexico correspondent of the New York *World* writes as follows, under date of September 4th, of the finding of the Aztec city:

At length Messrs. Lorillard and Charnay have immortalized themselves. Charnay has discovered what he very properly terms "the Indian or Mexican Pompeii," a city buried for at least 1000 years. In my last I mentioned the discovery of a villa near Tulla. That house has now been partly uncovered, and found to contain twenty-five rooms, fifteen stair-cases and twelve corridors. Attached to it are two cisterns with clay pipes, which were used to convey water to the different apartments. Some of the household utensils are of coarse clay, a few porcelain, and one article of glass. Remember, Tulian, the capital of the Toltec empire, covered not only the site of the present town of Tulla, but the spot where M. Charnay discovered the villa; and now he is unearthing near the former building a large palace. Perhaps during these excavations he may find historical data that will clear up the mystery in regard to the origin of the inhabitants of the western continent. On the 28th ult. M. Charnay announced to *Le Trait de Union*, of this city, merely the discovery of a palace, but made no allusion to any architectural peculiarities. We have, however, heard that the ruins recently unearthed are more distinctly Asiatic in style than any Toltec remains now known. In the course of a few days we shall receive further particulars. M. Charnay had the good fortune also to find the bones of some gigantic animals. These remains are now en route to this capital.

Whatever you do, have a system about it. It is the greatest labor-saving machine in the world, and the cheapest, but it is not the easiest governed. It requires reason and management to control and exercise it. Yet, wherever it has been introduced, this great labor-saving machine has been a success, demonstrating to the world that it has saved its operator unnecessary manual labor, a multitude of perplexities, kept his workshop in order, and enabled him to perform correctly more, by far, than in its absence would have been possible. It has many a time kept its possessor from exasperating entanglements; it has saved him time and trouble; it has kept his business rectified while others have been confused. System! It has ever been a victor in war; it is the powerful scepter that the true statesman and the political economist sway in government; and it has been and still is the commonest stepping-stone to individual fortunes. Have system in your management, and you will find eventually it will outweigh the physical forces of energy without it.—*Ex.*